


THE JARR FAMILY
BY ROY L. M^CCARDELL



"If I ever hear you say anything about our children being bad," declared Mrs. Jarr, "I will certainly shall object, although as a general thing I do not believe in upholding a child against his parent."

"What's the excitement?" asked Mr. Jarr, looking up from his paper at his wife as she vociferated the statement above and nervously pulled off her gloves.

"There is no excitement," said Mrs. Jarr, "but after spending this blessed afternoon at Mrs. Trigg's house and having to endure those awful, awful children of hers, I can thank my stars that MY children—"

"Whom?" said Mr. Jarr. "Steady, there, old-gall. Our children are all right, but they are not tin angels, you know."

"There you go again," declared Mrs. Jarr, "running

"I don't know how to tell you my own," said Mr. Jarr. "It is a family trait that I despise. It is that I intend to see my children to stand by each other; to never show up in company by criticising or mocking each other. I want them to stand by each other, to think that no other person's sister or brother is as good as theirs. I want—"

"You want to keep from getting excited," said Mr. Jarr coolly. "Our children are all right."

"It's a refreshing novelty to hear you say so!" said Mrs. Jarr. "You want to beat them for the least thing they do. After those Triggs children I shall never complain."

"They struck me as a band of merry little murderers, myself," said Mr. Jarr. "What about them?"

"Oh, don't call them murderers!" said Mrs. Jarr. "Remember, they are only children, and after all, it is their parents' fault. If they used some discipline, some firmness, you know. Why, if one of my children was to speak to me as they speak to their mother, I'd whip it, look it up in the dark. I'd—I don't know what I'd do to it!"

"Oh, it wasn't so much what they did, they are so sneaky, you know. I hate a sneaky child. They say 'Yes, mamma' and 'No, mamma,' and 'Mamma, shut your mouth. You're crazy!' They are polite, even if they are rude, you see. But it's their sneaky ways I don't like."

"You are so snaky, then," said Mrs. Jarr, yawning.

"I'm sorry I'm keeping you up," said Mrs. Jarr, observing him yawn, "but if I were telling you our children were sneaky you'd be interested! Well, Emma may be bad and little Emma is quick tempered and is apt to be snaky, but they are both good and truthful children. They would never play with those Triggs children again!"

"The last time they did come to play here was Sunday, and you had a headache and sent them home," said Mr. Jarr. "That was the last time," said Mrs. Jarr. "I kissed them and told Mrs. Triggs how well they were looking, and that Little girl is scroop-shouldered better, and the boy looks even thinner, and they have the pastiest complexion. If they were mine, I'd put them on cod-liver oil and have them out in the air running up and down, and positively the Little girl should be fatter."

"Gewshlikent!" said Mr. Jarr, testily, "what are you getting at? What's the point of these ravings?"

"Well, say 'Hi'!" said Mrs. Jarr peevishly. "You come in and start to tell me something and then you start to rambling about this and that. What about the Triggs children, what did they do? What did they say?"

"Well," said Mrs. Jarr sobbing, "I deserve to be talked to this way. What do you care for my feelings? And so, as it will please you to know, those little wretches of Triggs children affronted me. I'll tell you that. When I asked them why they didn't come over and play at our house, they said, 'Because you always drive us home.'"

"Well, don't you!" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Of course I do," said Mrs. Jarr, "and can you wonder? Little wretches like

"Oh, well, cheer up," said Mr. Jarr; "the worst is yet to come!"

"I'll square it by holding a party," said Mr. Jarr. "You'll be the party I'll hold."

And he pulled her down upon his knee.

The Twisted Playgoer.

A STORY might and an overdose of whiskey and guinine resulted in the strange adventures of a guided youth who started for the Garrick Theatre Monday evening, but got no further than his club, where, after reading the theatrical ads, he uttered the following:

I really wanted to see that Man Of The Hour—William Collier—but didn't

Take the Straight Road and got Caught In the Rain. It was a night fit only for Neptune's Daughter to be out, although Anna Held that A Wise Guy would have taken an Alexander (Ava.) Carr about Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway and ignoring Wise Women and Song, make a Race for Life and find

shelter in the Red Mill. Maude Adams was there, and you ought to have heard Peter Pan her for the remark. It sounded like Old Pioneer Days. The Little Cherub—I mean the Girl Who Has Everything (Including Brewer's Millions)—sarcastically remarked that I must have taken the Road to Yesterday, or been

limbbling too freely from the Great Salt Cup. It was by no means, she said, the New York idea of doing things, not once in a Blue Moon. So I put the Great Drive between myself and them and hunted up the Chorus Lady and the Glad of the Golden West and the Queen of the Emerald Isle and the

(K)night, and before we got through I could see the Lion and the Mouse, and almost got pinched by a Phantom Detective for accusing the Hypocrites, and Rich Mr. Hoggenshmer and Brown of Harvard of stealing from me the Rose of

the Hamano. I understand they lead the Double Life, for the Parisian Model told the Belle of Mayfair so at the wedding of the Student King and the Princess Beggar. Say, I hear that the Beautiful Cloak Model has become the Opium Fiend and thinks she is living in Dream City. That must be slang for Wall

Street, where, to tell The Truth, the Bankers and Brokers often hand lamens instead of dividends to—Les Miserables—the Daughters of Men.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.

Optional number
of pretty far plush-
es this year, and they
are being very suc-

really utilized for the making of children's coats and suits. Here is a young woman



ing little net (that in-
cludes also a hat with
a band of the plush)

that is as simple as it is attractive, and that involves very little labor in the making.



In the illustration the long-haired polar bear plush is the sort used, but the brown bear.

the white Astrachan and the ermine are especially to be commended while those



...insects, while there are also a variety of others. In this case the little bat is made

with upper portion of white cloth, and is trimmed with cord and loops of heavy

milk. It can be made all of cloth or all of plush, however, if liked and used some-

The quantity of material

Child's Set: Hat, Scarf and Muff—Pattern No. 5545.

Two inches wide, with one-half yard fifty-two inches wide for the scarf and muff and the band for the hat, three-quarters of a yard of satin for lining for scarf and muff.

How to Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third street, New

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Patterns

York Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.
IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and al-
ways specify size wanted.

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